

your teeth go deep (it seems) by hoppnhorn

Series: [oh to be young \(and greek\)](#) [3]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alternate Universe - College/University, Alternate Universe - Fraternity, Anal Fingering, Come Marking, Confused Steve Harrington, Drunk Billy Hargrove, Love Triangles, M/M, Oral Sex, Rutting, boys being stupid and not using their words very well

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-06-17

Updated: 2018-06-17

Packaged: 2022-04-22 05:01:00

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 3,554

Publisher: [archiveofourown.org](#)

Summary:

Nothing about his life, or his *love* life, has been simple thus far. The trend continues.

your teeth go deep (it seems)

Author's Note:

I'm sorry it took so long to get this out. I wrote this three times. I kid you not. All my love to [@lucyjacks](#) for keeping me on track, even when i took the train off the rails. Enjoy!

It turns out that Peter, the hottie, is in his geology class.

Along with another two hundred students but *still* . When he'd seen the alpha walking into the big lecture hall, Steve hadn't been able to help the flush of heat that formed under his collar.

And then, of course, the guy had looked *right* at him and Steve had been obligated to smile. He didn't *have* to wave, but he did. He'd waved and suddenly there was no getting Peter the alpha out of his line of sight.

They wind up at the library a couple times a week, going through lecture notes and making sense of the snooze-fest textbook for class.

It's nice, with Peter.

It's comfortable.

It's nothing like it is with Billy.

Whatever *that* is.

They have sex. *A lot* . Steve thinks they have sex more often than two typical omegas. It's not like there are hormonal urges to *breed* being met when they writhe together in bed. If anything, fucking each other senseless is nearly the same as going for a run.

Cardio. Endorphins.

Yet they *can't* stop.

Just a whiff of Billy's scent, be it sweat or cologne or that gel he

secretly uses on his hair, has slick welling up in Steve's briefs.

But it's *just* sex.

Outside their bedrooms, nothing changes. Billy is just another brother. Steve is still an unclaimed omega.

So he sits with Peter at the library. Peter, who buys him coffee even when Steve *insists* he has enough meal credits to pay for his own. Peter, who smiles the second he spots Steve waiting at their table. Peter, who looks at Steve like he hangs the moon.

"Do you have plans this weekend?" Peter asks one afternoon, his pencil tapping a rapid cadence against the open page of his textbook. Steve thinks nothing of the noise until he sees the way Peter is chewing on his lip.

Oh .

"Uh, not really. Why?" He'd planned on going to the kegger his frat was throwing. Maybe getting a little rowdy at a house party or two.

It was the end of midterms after all.

"Nothing." Peter licks his lip, leaving it shiny and red from where he's bitten it plump. "I mean..." He grins down at his textbook and Steve laughs.

"Is this how you woo all the omegas?" He asks, cocking a brow. Peter's laugh is light. Nervous. "You're not very good at it."

Peter's second laugh draws a couple of eyes and Steve likes that.

He looks comfortable, less nervous when he says, "I'm going into rut this weekend."

Suddenly it's Steve who can't seem to speak.

He can only stare at the alpha sitting across from him at the table.

And hate himself for wanting to *run* .

"I booked a room at the facility." Peter says softly, his nerves reappearing as Steve stares and says nothing. "The hormone therapy helps. And uh, the staff are good here."

"Good?" Steve blurts.

"Nice." Peter smiles. "I swear they staffed the facility back home with SWAT." He clears his throat and Steve imagines a teenage Peter, going into his first rut alone without a kind smile from anyone before the urge to breed overwhelms him. "The rooms are really nice here too. Like a Hilton." He's grinning and Steve returns the expression.

Or tries anyway.

He knows what's coming next. Knows what Peter is afraid to say.

"For what our tuition costs, it should be a Ritz-Carlton." He comments. Tries to deflect. Peter laughs in a breathy exhale. His pencil is still.

"Yeah. You'd think." Suddenly the quiet of the library is just *way* too quiet. Steve wants to scream. "I was wondering..." Peter swallows, and it's so loud. Deafening. "I'm not a virgin. But uh..."

Steve's hands are sweating in his lap when he says, "You've never been through a rut with someone."

Peter smiles, cheeks pinking. "Exactly. I've never really been with anyone long enough for it to come up and I'm not the type to ask someone I didn't really know...or like." Those big, beautiful green eyes lift to Steve's face and his stomach drops. "But I like you a lot, Steve."

He should be *swooning* .

Instead, all he can think is how *weird* it is, Peter calling him Steve.

It sounds so *nice* .

"You want me to stay with you?" Steve asks gently, palms clammy when he grasps his knees. "During your rut."

"If you want." Peter puts out his hands, gesturing quickly. "No pressure or anything. I know that we're not like...dating...or anything." He's taking faster and faster as he goes. "I mean, I'd like to spend it with you but it's a big deal... so I get it if that's a lot to ask... so I *totally* wouldn't be offended if you said no."

He should know what he wants. He really should.

He doesn't.

"I'm...flattered." Steve manages to say before his throat closes up. He clears it, wipes his hands on his jeans. Back and forth on his thighs. "Can I think about it?"

"Absolutely." Peter makes a dorky face that says there's *no* problem with that answer. But it's not an answer and that's not *fair* .

And Steve wants to be fair to Peter.

"I mean, we haven't even kissed." He hears himself say, in some lame attempt at a joke. Something to lift the weight of *awkward* that's settled over them.

But Peter's face lights up with hope and Steve wants to put a pen in his own eye.

"I'd like to kiss you." Peter says, eyes betraying that very thought as they fall to Steve's mouth. "See if it's as good as I think it would be."

Something tells Steve it would be *really* good.

And that just makes him feel guilty.

"Maybe you can buy me dinner sometime." He suggests with a tight voice.

Peter looks like Steve has gifted him the stars.

"Absolutely."

The second he's back at the house he makes a beeline for his room. He's felt too big in his own skin since he'd left the library. All he can think about is Peter. Peter and his kind smile and nervous hands and sweet words.

He's itchy all over. Too worked up, too *eager* . He's always wondered what it would be like, with an alpha.

Wondered if he'd feel like things made sense once he found a mate to actually *claim him*.

A mate who wanted to take him to dinner.

A mate who looked at him like he was *everything* .

Sitting on his bed, Steve curses his stupid omega impulses. The impulse to be comforted and needed and taken. It feels *pathetic* . Like he's a slave to hormones and not his heart.

Even though his heart doesn't seem to know which way to lead him.

Just as he's decided to tell Peter *no* , there's a brief knock at the door before it's wide open. And Steve doesn't need to look to know who was striding right on in without an invitation.

"Fucking hell, I thought you'd never get back." Billy says, whipping his shirt over his head and throwing it on the floor.

"I was at the library—" Billy cuts him off with a searing kiss, straddling his lap in one graceful jump. Steve moans into his mouth and palms the chorded muscles of Billy's back, digs in his nails.

Not deep.

Just enough to *hurt* .

Billy pulls away with a hiss before he grins. "You're always at the library, you nerd. Come on, *get naked* . I told Tommy I'd lift with him in an hour." And just like that, Billy's mouth is at his throat, open and wet and probing at his pulse like he knows it lights Steve up inside.

Because it *does* , even though the entire time his cock hardens, Steve is thinking about Peter and his shy eyes.

“Billy—”

“I’ve been wet all afternoon, fuck.” Billy turns and Steve lets him push him down to the bed, wants to be weighed down when he feels so *lost* . “Got me slick like a *girl* , Harrington.”

And if that isn’t a real *surge* to his ego.

“You say the sweetest things.” He murmurs, a trace of a grin in his voice when Billy shoves him away, effectively flattening him to the mattress.

“How’s this?” The devil himself is shining through Billy’s eyes when he prowls over the length of Steve’s torso. “I want to sit on your dick until you stop breathing.”

Steve snorts, but it turns to sort of gasp when Billy rubs his ass along the hard bulge at the front of his pants. There’s no mistaking the smell of slick now.

And Billy’s smells like peaches.

“You want to kill me, is that what you’re saying?” Steve teases, his hands stroking the wide muscles on Billy’s thighs. Billy’s ridden him before, dozens of times. But it still makes Steve’s stomach flutter like a virgin.

“Maybe a little.” There’s nothing predatory about Billy’s smile when he leans down, briefly presses their mouths together.

It twists like a knife in Steve’s gut.

“Billy...” He breathes into his lover’s mouth as he fights to remember that he had *something* he needed to tell him.

“Fuck me.” Billy pants into his parted lips. “I need you.”

What is he supposed to say to that?

Besides the obvious.

“Yeah.” Steve rips at Billy’s shorts with sure hands, kicks off his own shoes. Of course, there’s nothing under those shorts. “Fuck.” Steve breathes as Billy reclaims his seat on his lap. The omega’s cock is hard and bobbing between his thighs when he sits, grinds on Steve’s jeans.

Which is *typical* .

Because now his pants will smell like sex. He’ll have to wear them into the hallway where anyone could catch him with *slick* stains on his crotch.

“Billy, Jesus.” He moans anyway. “Quit *teasing* .”

“I’ve been thinking about this all day.” Billy growls, bottom lip in his teeth. “Sorry if I want to *savor* it a little.”

Steve grabs him by the hip with one hand and strokes his middle finger down the part of Billy’s ass with another. When his fingertip finds the pucker, Billy gasps.

Steve punches his finger inside.

“Holy shit.” Billy whines, body contracting. He hadn’t been joking, Billy *is* wet. Slick obscenely drips down Steve’s hand until he can feel the cool of it on his wrist. “Now look who’s teasing.”

His words are playful but his voice is rough and Steve knows he’s got the upperhand.

He could have Billy on his back in a second.

He could spear him deep and the omega would beg for more.

“Fuck my mouth.” He says instead.

Billy has no problem obliging.

There's come on his shirt, which he'd somehow *forgotten* to take off in the heat of the moment.

And Billy had come *a lot* .

It's a compliment of sorts, getting thick, white come from an omega. It means Steve's sucking game is still on point. Not that he'd ever *doubted* . Billy keeps his skills sharp.

Billy's protein intake is higher than most too, so he doesn't let it go to his head.

Too much.

"You did that on purpose." He says, when he's actually got enough breath in his lungs again to speak. Billy chuckles, nearly cackles, where he lies at Steve's side. He's still rubbing Steve's cock, even though there's no point.

He'd come when Billy was in his throat, cursing to high heaven.

"I like seeing it." The guy murmurs then leans forward, just enough to lap at a drip on Steve's cheek. He really *did* get it everywhere. "I like you covered in me."

Steve really *doesn't* know what to say to that.

"Shit." Billy groans, his arm flopping on the mattress. "Tommy's gonna be here in fifteen minutes." He's up off the bed and padding across the room naked before Steve can think of something to say.

Something besides the stupid thing that pops out of his mouth.

"Peter is going into rut."

Billy freezes, his shorts in his fist, pressed to his face as he takes a sniff.

Judging by the way his nose wrinkles, he doesn't like the smell.

That's what Steve tells himself anyway.

“Who the fuck is Peter?” He asks, though his tone of voice is a dead giveaway.

Billy *knows* who Peter is and that makes Steve want to roll his eyes and go to sleep.

He’s *tired* .

And he’s never had trouble just *passing out* after getting off.

“He asked me to see him through it.” He says with his eyes closed, listening to the sound of Billy tugging on his clothes.

Which is funny because it takes a while and he hadn’t *really* been wearing that much to begin with.

“So?”

Steve lifts his head, arches a brow at the way Billy is checking his reflection. He flashes a devilish smile in the glass, winks at himself.

“ So ?” Steve mocks him.

“So, you’re gonna have sex with him.” Billy states as he turns around, crosses his arms. His face and his tone say he doesn’t care.

And that is also just so *typical* .

Steve drops his head back onto the mattress.

“Have fun picking up heavy shit with Tommy.” He mutters, closes his eyes.

“What were you expecting, Harrington?”

Really, that’s the million dollar question.

He just breathes, listens to his heartbeat slow from frantic to something more even.

Maybe it’ll just lull him into a nap.

“If you want to fuck an alpha, fuck an alpha.” Billy is closer, his voice

a little edgier. Steve keeps his eyes closed and imagines a cloud, somewhere far away and soft. Cool and comfortable.

High and away from all the bullshit.

“Fuck whoever you want, I’m not going to stop you.”

“Fine. Noted.” Steve grunts. When he shifts on the mattress, he catches a whiff of the come drying on his chest and he groans, sits up to rip the shirt over his head and toss it away.

All with his eyes still closed.

As he plops back on the mattress in nothing but his skin, he wonders if Billy is still there. Opening one eye, he’s surprised to see that Billy hasn’t moved, let alone *left* .

And he looks *annoyed* .

Something like joy tickles in Steve’s veins.

“ Bye .” Steve says like a *snot* and closes his eyes again.

After a shower and some food, he falls asleep.

It’s easier than usual, just letting it drag him under without a fight. But it’s not a deep sleep. He’s vaguely aware of noise outside his door. Brothers coming and going, people talking downstairs.

He feels like he’s floating right above *real* sleep. Too much in his head to actually shut down. To let it all go.

He’s awake and he’s asleep. He’s caught in between.

Which is absolutely *fitting* .

Steve’s not really asleep when his door bursts open. Then he’s *really* not asleep, bolting awake in an ungraceful jolt of limbs. With absolutely *zero* grace, he flounders under the sheets before he rolls

onto his side to squint directly into the hallway light.

“What the—”

Even without his blurry vision he'd be able to recognize Billy's *dumb* build.

Hell, he'd have to be *blind* .

Wide shoulders and narrow hips and stupid, strong arms, all propped up against the frame of the door like Billy can't manage to stand upright.

Clearly, he's drunk.

So goddamn *typical* .

The words *get out* are on the tip of his tongue. But he doesn't say them.

Steve simply watches as Billy stares at him, breathing hard like it'd been difficult for him to climb the stairs to make it to the second floor. His chest rises and falls, his *annoyingly* tight t-shirt stretched taut against his pectorals. To the point that Steve can *actually* see his nipples from the across the room.

Billy just stands there, waiting for something, and Steve doesn't give him whatever that something is. He doesn't invite him in. Doesn't speak. Doesn't open the sheets and beckon him in. He just stares.

Eventually, Billy shuffles inside and the door drifts closed behind him until there's only a sliver of light coming in from the hall, the rest of the room cloaked in shadow.

He steps forward and in a single motion, rips his shirt over his head. Steve merely blinks.

Billy's necklace hangs, sways as he bends over and clumsily pulls off his shoes.

Steve rolls onto his back, staring at the ceiling as he listens to Billy's belt. Hears his fly open. Then the drop of his jeans to the floor.

When the mattress dips and a warm weight gathers against Steve's side, he lets his head lull towards it. Towards *Billy* .

He's watching him, eyes open and glittering in the low light. The door is still open, which Steve considers for a moment before Billy is closing the distance between them and pressing their lips together.

Steve trembles with the urge to push him away.

Instead, he simply lies there, lets Billy repeat the kiss, eyes staring into steely blue.

The third time Billy kisses him, one of his big hands wraps around Steve's jaw, tugs him closer while his mouth pushes and pulls against Steve's lips.

He's asking for something.

Against Steve's better judgment, he responds.

With the smallest press, he returns Billy's kiss and immediately Billy is opening his mouth, begging for Steve to take from him. His hand smooths over Steve's bare chest, tickles his neck and grazes his jaw.

Steve can tell where things are headed and they're headed nowhere PG; he slowly draws away, puts a solid few inches between them.

"Not tonight."

Billy's face falls.

"Why the fuck not?" He slurs, leaning closer again until Steve has to sit up to keep Billy from *climbing* on top of him. "You're always down for a good fucking, Harrington."

Suddenly, Steve isn't so reluctant.

"Billy. *Get out* ."

"I could get laid by anyone I want." Billy states, lip lifted in a snarl. "I coulda gone home with someone else."

“By all means.” Steve gestures towards the door, rips the comforter away so Billy is exposed on the sheets. “Feel free to go find someone else.” And because he can’t help himself, Steve sneers and adds, “ *I won’t stop you.* ”

Billy sways when he stands. Takes a couple hesitant steps before he stops.

Turns around. Trails a finger over the edge of the mattress.

Naked and drunk, he lingers. When he finally speaks, his voice is so soft that Steve nearly misses it.

“I don’t want someone else.”

“What?” Steve asks dumbly, even though he’d *definitely* heard the words. Billy sniffs, looks at the wall over Steve’s head like somehow that’s *better* than meeting his eye.

He looks afraid anyway.

Bare and exposed.

“You gonna make me fuckin’ repeat it?” Billy sways, sniffs again.

And, really, it’s just pathetic enough that Steve feels *bad* for kicking him out of bed. Not bad enough to let him back in, yet. But bad.

“I think it’s worth repeating.” Steve breathes, clutching at the soft folds of the comforter. It feels nice, grounded. Cool between his fingers.

“I don’t want anyone else.” Billy sounds irritated and that suits Steve’s selfish side *just* fine. “It’s right.”

That yanks the carpet out from under Steve’s train of thought. He swallows a few times, tries to disguise the way his heart is pumping blood to his traitorous *face* .

“Billy—”

“I would stop you.” The guy interrupts, the force of his own

proclamation making him stagger back a little.

He's a lot drunker than Steve had thought.

"If that alpha fucker comes here, I'll rip his dick off."

Steve snorts. It's not funny *exactly* but it also doesn't make a *ton* of sense.

"His name is *Peter* and he isn't—"

"I'll kill him." Billy lunges, planting both palms on the bed so he can stare into Steve's face. Only inches away. He's probably seeing six of Steve's shocked expression. "He's not your mate."

And *that* has Steve's vision swimming.

Mate ?

"You're right." He whispers, his voice trembling just a little. It's *intense*, Billy's stare. It eats through his skin like acid. "He's not."

Billy blinks.

"Good." Steve's not quite sure what *that* is supposed to mean but he's pretty sure he's going to be calling Peter in the morning.

Apologizing.

But that's not what has Steve *aching* in his bed. Billy's drunken rambling has his heart skipping in his chest, his breath caught in his throat. In that moment, he'd give Billy anything if he asked.

Anything.

Thankfully, that moment passes when Billy grunts, stands and rubs the flat span of his belly, fingers brushing over the dark trail of hair leads to his cock. "I gotta piss."

Steve snorts again, relaxes in his bed.

Typical .

“You do that.” He sighs. Nodding, almost to himself, Billy steps into his jeans, stumbling a little when he yanks them up his legs. It’s enough to put a stupid smile on Steve’s face. “Close the door on your way out.” He calls when Billy straightens, his t-shirt caught halfway down his chest so that his abdomen is still bare.

Steve looks.

He gets caught but, really, he doesn’t *actually* care.

“Not your *wife* , Harrington.” Billy purrs, a knowing and *sleazy* smile on his lips. “Do it yourself.”

Author's Note:

find me [@hopppnhorn](#)